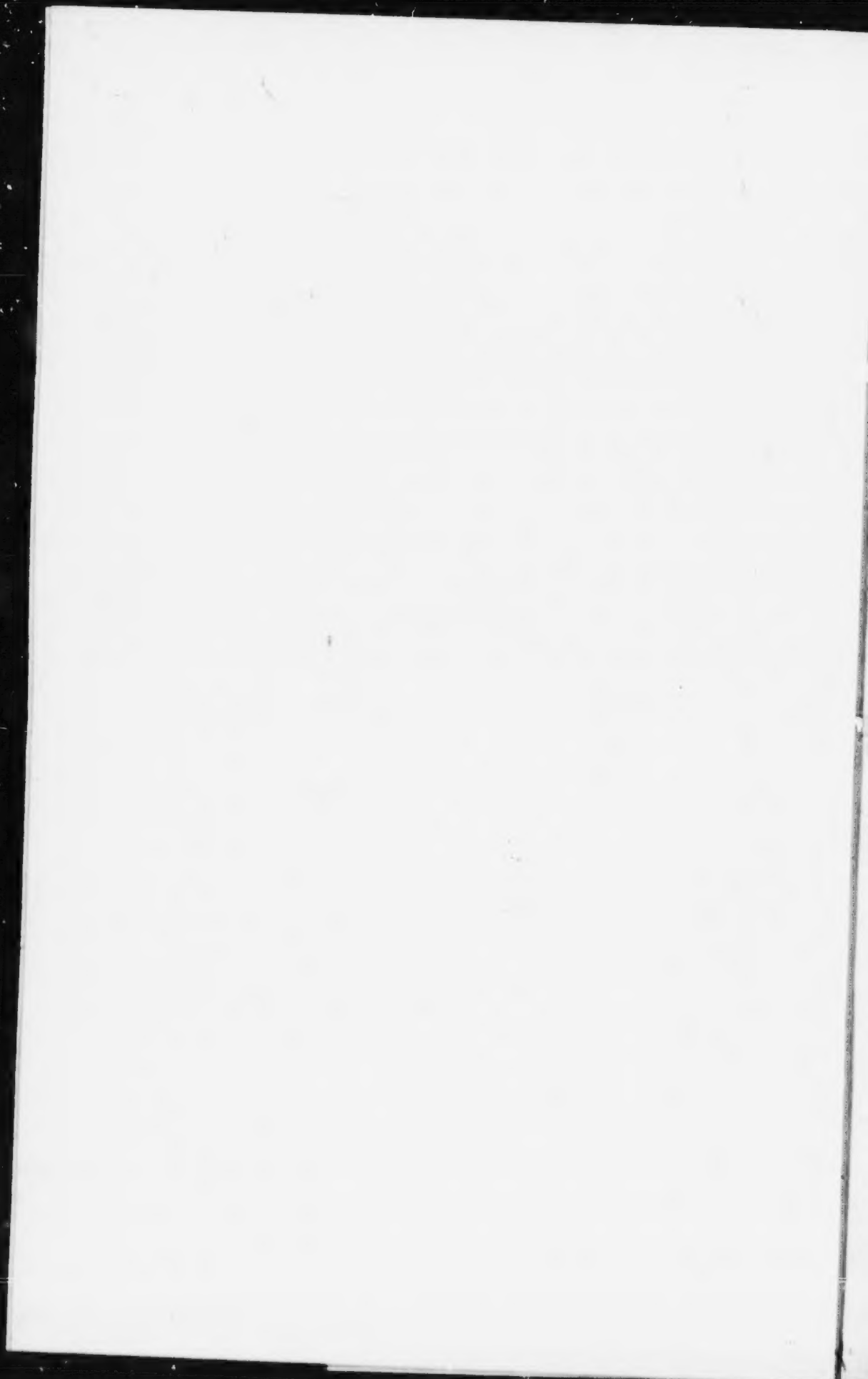




MacNamara, Denis, the Red
ADVENTURES

OF

DONNCHADH RUADH MAC CON-MARA,

A SLAVE OF ADVERSITY.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF

NOW FOR THE FIRST TIME EDITED,

FROM AN ORIGINAL IRISH MANUSCRIPT,

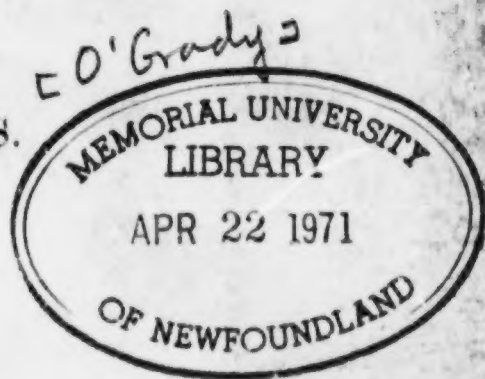
WITH METRICAL TRANSLATION, NOTES,

AND

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE AUTHOR,

BY

S. HAYES.



DUBLIN:

JOHN O'DALY, 9, ANGLESEA-STREET,

AND ALL BOOKSELLERS.

1853.

Centre for Nfld Studies

from Royal Irish Academy Dublin

APR 28 1971



RECEIVED

NOV 10 1900

Review of the day.

DUBLIN :
PRINTED BY JOHN MULLANY,
47, Fleet-street.

INTRODUCTION.

AMONGST the numerous productions of the Munster poets of the last century, we seldom find any such notices as would much assist the biographer; their effusions being, for the most part, political, amatory, or convivial. Occasionally, however, a satire on an enemy supplies us with an anecdote of the author's domestic life; or an elegy on the death of a friend, affords a date in the *ceangal* (binding, or summing-up), which consists of one or more verses in a different metre from the rest of the poem, and containing a summary of the whole—with which it was usual to conclude the latter kind of composition. We must, then, rest content to make the most we can of these scanty materials, and to add so much as appears true from the mass of traditions—often in no small degree conflicting—current in the country about the lives and adventures of those men, whose songs were, and still are sung at the fire-side of almost every farmer and peasant in Munster. The writer of this sketch, therefore, hopes for the indulgence of the reader who may have reason to differ from any of the statements made regarding the subject of it, and begs to say, he has been guided by information carefully collected from such of the posterity of our poet as are still living, as well as from others in that part of the county of Waterford where he spent the greater part of his long life.

Donnchadh Ruadh Mac Con-mara (anglicised, Denis Macnamara the Red) was a native of Cratloe in the county of Clare, and was born in, or shortly after the year 1709.

About his early life, we know no more than that being intended by his family for the priesthood, he was sent to Rome to prosecute his studies, and that he went there at an early age; for he had already been five years at the college when we find him expelled for some youthful exploit, of which it is not difficult to guess the nature from his subsequent life. He now turned his face homewards, and after various wanderings on the continent, landed on the coast of Waterford, in which county, having resolved never to revisit his family, he finally settled. He there met *William O'Morain* (William Moran), who kept a school in *Sliabh g-Cua* (Slieve Gua), a wild and mountainous district lying about mid-way between the towns of Clonmel and Dungarvan, and forming an extensive and wealthy Roman Catholic parish; with him he took up his abode, either as partner or assistant.

It is a curious fact, that almost every Irish scholar who has appeared at either side of the Comeragh mountains for more than the last eighty years has been a pupil of *Donnchadh* himself or of one of those instructed by him; and hence we may infer, that at this time the county of Waterford was considerably less literate than the counties of Clare, of Limerick, and of Kerry; in which flourished such school-masters as *Seamus O'Dalaigh* (James O'Daly), *Seaan O'Tuama* (John O'Tuomy), *Eoghan Ruadh O'Suillio-bhain* (Owen O'Sullivan the Red), *Aindrias Mac Craith* (Andrew Magrath), surnamed the *Mangaire Sugach*, *Brian Mac Giolla Meidhre* (Bryan Merryman), and many others. In the schools of these men, the young peasants were taught to render fluently into Irish, and into English, Homer, Virgil, and various other classic authors; and it may be, perhaps, in some part owing to the influence of such exercises as these, though now discontinued, that the Irish peasant, however strange his idiom and however foreign his pronunciation, undoubtedly speaks English more grammatically than the

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Denis
county
1709.

lower orders in England, whose native language it is, and who *think* in it. But above all, the young man was taught to read and write, in its ancient characters, the language of his fathers—the “Old Irish.” And thus, after that tongue ceased to receive the encouragement of the gentry, although known vernacularly to very many of them up to the end of the last century, these humble scholars deprived themselves of a portion of their rest, after the day’s labour, in order to preserve the numerous *eachtraidhe* (legends) and poems, of which, though many have been rescued, many are still lying about the country in worm-eaten, perishing manuscripts.

This system of education then, *Donnchadh* introduced at Knockbee, commencing with Moran himself, who was no mean poet, and henceforward the number of schoolmasters increased, and the cause of learning prospered in *Sliabh g-Cua*. Our poet passed a merry time with Moran, who was altogether a kindred spirit; but their prosperity was not destined to last. In the year 1740, the brother bards thought fit to direct all their powers of satire against a lassie of the neighbourhood, whose character was not *sans peur et sans reproche*; alas! they little knew what they did. They had with impunity and success lampooned the clergy (vid. *Donnchadh’s* production on Father John Casey of Stradbally), who, in spite of the terrors of their ridicule, persisted in rebuking their immoral lives—but they paid dearly and at once for their temerity and ungallantry in attacking the sex; for the subject of their wit quietly took the law into her own hands, by thrusting a brand into the thatch of the *Alma Mater* of *Sliabh g-Cua*. Thus were they, in their turn, exposed to ridicule; and the clergy fulminated against them with such effect, whilst routed in disorder, that they were compelled to part and leave the neighbourhood.

Previous to this, however, the poets of *Sliabh g-Cua*, amongst the freaks in which they were continually indulging, had on one occasion assembled to decide by lot which of them

should win from her almost plighted lover *Máire ní Ogain* (Mary Hogan), a young woman in the neighbourhood of Dungarvan, and the pride of the surrounding country. The lot fell to *Donnchadh*, who prospered in the undertaking and married his prize. After the conflagration, and during her husband's wanderings at home and abroad, she supported herself by a little bakery shop, which she set up at Kilmacthomas; where it seems he lived with her for some time.

Hence he removed into the district called *an Bharúntacht* (the Barony), which includes the barony of Imokilly and the country adjacent to Youghal, in the county of Cork, and set up a school. This plan did not succeed to his satisfaction, and he soon migrated to *Paeracha*, a name given to the barony of Upper-third (*Uachtar-tíre*), in the county of Waterford, from its being almost altogether inhabited by families of the Powers (in Irish *Paer*), and remarkable for the substantial character of its farmers.

But, change as he would, fortune smiled not on *Donnchadh*; though his poverty may be more reasonably accounted for by his own propensities for amusement, than by any lack of opportunities for bettering himself, for he himself tells us (l. 16),

"Níon éinneamh mé óir ná reón ar aon coin,
 Níe an ríallmó do gheobaim, d'ól 50 h-éar 3a."

I gathered not gold nor store at all,
 But if a shilling I got, I'd quickly drink it.

Hereupon, he determined to try his luck in America; to which, even then, many in this country looked as to a land of promise, and accordingly sailed from Passage, equipped by the kindness of the neighbours. The date of his departure is variously said to have been May, 1745, '48, and '55; we have given the first at the commencement of the poem in the words of a *bacach* (beggar) who used some years ago to frequent fairs in the county of Waterford, and to repeat

Donnchadh's adventures for the entertainment of the country people; and we prefer this date on account of the following expression in the poem (l. 137),

"Do maib na Franncaigh an domhan 'ran raeagal b'ioib."

Myriads have fallen by the Frank's right hand.

He is here speaking of the *Sassanaigh* (i. e. Protestants in general), of whom the French made no slaughter in 1748 or '55, whereas on the 30th April, 1745, they won the (somewhat dear) victory of Fontenoy over the English and their allies, and considering the rate at which news travelled in those days, it is very likely that it was only shortly before he sailed, in the middle of the next month, that *Donnchadh* had the satisfaction of hearing how the valour of his countrymen of the Brigade had retrieved the day for the monarch under whose banner they fought. "*Semper et ubique fideles*," as ran the motto Louis himself assigned them. Be this as it may, we are told in the poem, that *Donnchadh* returned before long, driven back to Waterford by stress of weather and the chances of war, and so disgusted with the sea that he swore never to trust to it again. We now lose sight of him until the year 1759, when we find from his "Pass" to *Risteárd Rábach Mac Gearailt* (Richard Fitzgerald the Brave), that he kept a school at Newcastle, county of Waterford. We shall here insert this "Pass," which some of our readers may perhaps find imperfect; we have, however, been unable after every effort to procure a better copy; and our version, such as it is, will suffice to give the learner of the language some idea of this kind of document, of which, at the risk of incurring blame for the digression, we will offer some explanation.

In the last century, when the poets of Munster were numerous, and when—the farmers being better able to exercise hospitality—their circumstances though not affluent were luxurious compared to what they would be at the present day, were any of the fraternity to rise from the grave and

attempt to lead the idle, jovial life they all spent in those times. They were a body of considerable influence amongst the peasantry. Gentry and farmers were alike desirous of their praise and fearful of their ridicule; of which the poets were lavish according to the reception they met with. Thus *Tadhg Gaodhalach O'Suilliobhain* (Thady Gaelach* O'Sullivan) addressed an ode to Donnell Spáinneach (the Spaniard) Mac Carthy, on his inheriting Carrig-na-var, and *Aodhagan O'Rathghaille* (Egan O'Rahilly), wrote, in 1713, a most outrageous prose lampoon on *Tadhg Dubh O'Croinín* (Tim Cronin the Black), a tax-gatherer in the county of Kerry.†

The bards used to assemble at fixed times and places, and there recite their compositions, and engage in extempore poetical contest with one another. Amongst the chief of these gatherings, was that annually held at Charleville in the county of Cork, and presided over by John Clárech Mac Donnell. Most of the poets were also schoolmasters, and it behoved them to acquit themselves well at these trials of skill, as one defeat in repartee, one well-directed satirical epigram, would often cost the vanquished all his pupils, who flocked to the wittier rival. We have an instance of this in a less literary part of Ireland than Munster, when Peter O'Dornin seduced his pupils from Maurice Gorman at Forkhill, county of Armagh.‡ In this way, the respective merits of the bards becoming known throughout the country, their authority prevailed accordingly in the kind of jurisdiction they exercised amongst the people, especially in matters connected with hospitality. So, when a poet was thought to have

* *Gaelach* here may mean *simple* or *illiterate*. Some think that O'Sullivan got the name from his simplicity of manners, while others believe he got it from his skill as a Gaelic poet and total ignorance of the English language.

† See *Aenghus O'Daly's Tribes of Ireland*, by Dr. O'Donovan, p. 32. Dublin, J. O'Daly, 1852.

‡ O'Daly's *Poets and Poetry of Munster*, second edition, p. 16. Dublin, 1850.

offended against the laws of the society, or against some particular member of it, a *barántus* (warrant) was issued by a conclave, or by the aggrieved individual, addressed to the other poets of Munster and to the peasantry, either ordering his apprehension and transmission to some place named, or interdicting any kind of hospitality from being shown him: for instance, Owen Roe O'Sullivan wrote *barántus an hata* (the hat warrant) when his hat was stolen from him; and Father John O'Brien issued a warrant for the binding and bringing to Castlelyons of Edmond Luby, an opponent in a rhyming controversy among the wits of that neighbourhood.

These compositions, which were sometimes in prose, sometimes in verse, and which sometimes contained both, were, besides being delivered to those to whom they were specially written, read and recited at fairs and markets throughout the country. The "Passes" were safe conducts and introductions given to a friend, or favourite pupil going to visit other parts; enjoining every one to shew him all kindness and hospitality—the best of bed and board, &c. All these warrants and passes are written in a phraseology somewhat resembling that of English law-deeds, full of synonymes and containing many curious idioms of the language, and are therefore of use to a learner. So much for passes and warrants: and this is what *Donnchadh* wrote for *Risteárd Rábach Mac Gearailt* (Richard Fitzgerald the Brave):

21 n-21é-na-r3oile do bñí3 3o b-fuyl, a3ur 3o d-táim3, an
 bñaraíne béal-caoín, a3ur an cleaíne cluicéac, cloaí3-
 ée, car, curata, enóda, calma, clíab-r3aoile; a3ur an
 reácaíne tapa, troi3-luaíe, tururáne; a3ur an naíne
 nó-3arba, nó-ppar, a3ur nó-lóin; a3ur an lannáine luaíe,
 leatán, lan-aí3iontae; le na naíóear Rirteapó Rabaé 21ac
 3eapáile: atá a3 fo3luim cleaí, ealadan, a3ur il-éearó'mo
 r3oile-rí, a m-bo3 7 a 3-cruaíó 3aca reím-eóluir; a3ur a3
 ríon-meallrán 3aca reím-focail ar tuileidib comma-blaíe
 reann-teanzan na reann-3aoibíl3e; a3ur a3 ruir3íó le

reapc-beirib fléib *Parnassus*, mar a m-bí naomhast iníon
 'na mnaib éatuirgead beir da éomad a d-éiohnast na m-bair
 ašur na u-eiſear; ar an mod šur Šloban fo-múnte ir
 ainn da mačair. Ar na h-adbairib rin, ónduirim ašur
 rōšnaim do šac caillib éribairib, éianrairib, éiorba,
 éaraoirib; do šac ršolōib ršairib, ršoir-béalairib; ašur
 do šac bodac bnoac, bundūnac, ó Cheann Chnadaim šo
 raitee Chairil; ašur ó Lior mōir šo h-Oilean Bhne; ašur
 ar rin a mar laim coir fairge, nō coir Whairib, šan doirēoll,
 šan dūltad, šan tagairt, do éabairt don náhairt néam-
 náirte Rirteairt Rabaé Mac Šearairt.

Whairad, mairead, mar rin. Onduirim fōr ašur rōšnaim,
 šan é d'fagbair coir coca ná rtaca, roir ná laia, a d-tair-
 rin ná a š-eūime, a b-poll ná a b-fōime; aed fioncāoir
 raite, fleargac aoirbir, a noša nūma ašur a éoša clūdairib
 éum codalta, torac ruiſte ašur deircead éiruiſte, do éabairt
 don náhairt néamnáirte Rirteairt Rabaé Mac Šearairt.

Whairad, mairead, mar rin. Onduirim fōr ašur rōšnaim,
 šan šoir ná šairairt, šašā ná šearann, rhab ná mīntac,
 mōin ná macairt, šoir šair éar ná éuair; nac h-fuirib rē
 cead a nē, a lēna, 'r a éurilōš do éabairt éirib.

Whairad, mairead, mar rin. Onduirim fōr ašur rōšnaim,
 šan buac ná buairt, hāina ná hāiac, coir ná cāimib,
 deargā ná dūidair, flead ná fēarda, šneidm ná cīrda,
 mūš ná pīšib, meacan ná puata, šneit ná meadš, leite ná
 lōta, hōim ná leir-uirge, mōimān puairib, rūba ná rilin,
 beir aca a d-toll ná a d-éairnac, mār raor daor e, nac
 h-fuirib rē cead liš a éantān, ašur a mōir do mōir
 ruid; ni h-é a blar aed a éartail, an oircead ne dūne nō fōr
 ne beirte do éabairt don náhairt néamnáirte Rirteairt
 Rabaé Mac Šearairt.

Whairad, mairead, mar rin. Onduirim fōr 7 rōšnaim, šan
 bnaib ná bairib, cīr ná cōrāoir, cūl ná cačāoir, leaba ná
 lōirib, mōin ná mōimleac, nead ná neamrōš, poll ná
 puacān, šop ná šoirre, pīr ná pōnairt, toll ná éairnac, ná

Iarbașii an bir eile do berē a rtiș na a muș, a nașo na a
 b-panaș, rior na ruar, fopi na rian, țear na țuaș, an
 ro, nō an rūd, Jan a țabariț don năbapie năainpădte
 Ripeano Rabaș Țiac Șearașle.

Mairead, mairead, mar rin. Onduighim fós aghur fósnaim,
 gan a cup a f-cuideaceta, a f-cómluadair, ná a f-cuimneam,
 ne daomh neam-eólgača, ná ne h-aodairidh hó, ná ne bu-
 acailldh con, ná ne luēt gadair, ná ne luēt readghairle
 fuairne, ná ne luēt éirighce a nairde a m-bairiadaibh eirioib,
 ná ne rjol-mairgairidh fada, fuara, fairsighceaca, rjoir-
 héalača, gan blar, gan béara, gan múnas; mar ata
 airmuighce aghair am ro a. Ciorróir Mac Thom-éir,
 Suagán O'Caogair, Bueillin O'Buollair, Fairsin O'Flan-
 naigair, Seagán ralač rairdeanac O'Maolruanad, Spairin
 O'Cuilleanair, nó Sgairin O'Maolcača; mar nair fuomad a
 d-torac na nair-caom linne iadair; aghur nair tomad linne a
 b-fuir, a b-fiair, a m-béara, ná a n-eóhir, a d-tairair fuar,
 ná a n-ianbairin air hie eirle; ačd mar atair aghur rion-millead,
 aghur aghur rion-múeac na n-aor-ógh neam-lairdeanta, neam-
 béairlač.

Faaim' lăim așur raom' feala, an' dăna lă pitejon de
mî Manta, an bîlădăm d'aor Chiuor, mile, reat 5-cead,
așur raom m-bîlădăm deaș an dăcā.

Do R.R. 205, a 5-coin-tossing no D. 205c Command.

Our limits forbid us to give a translation of this curious "Pass," but it concludes thus "given under my hand and seal, the twenty-second day of the month of March, in the year of the age of Christ, one thousand seven hundred and fifty-nine."

There is now another period, one of twenty years, during which we have no account of *Donnachadh*, the only person who could have supplied the information, viz., his daughter, having died in 1840. It is certain, however, that he at some time or other overcame his reluctance to venture again on

the ocean, and that he made another and a more successful effort to reach the New World. Whether this voyage took place between 1745 and '59, or between 1759 and '70, we cannot say; very likely he went out twice, for we know that he spent some time at St. John's, Newfoundland; and also kept a school in the city of Hamburg. During his stay at St. John's, it does not appear that he applied himself very strenuously to any kind of business; as the only records we have of him while there, savour more of mirth and good-fellowship. One evening he entered a public house, and joined the revels of a party of English sailors; in the course of the night he sang an extempore song, half English and half Irish, in which the loyal and thrifty sentiments expressed in the former language are carefully contradicted in the latter: this performance elicited loud applause from the English, and still more amused the few Irish who were present. The reader will doubtless have seen this song, which is given in O'Daly's *Poets and Poetry of Munster*. It may have been on the same occasion that *Donnchadh* sat down to cards against two Englishmen, his own partner being an Irishman; during the game he carelessly hummed an Irish song and used the following chorus (varied according to circumstances), when it was his partner's play:—

"Imín an nís ús b'fós a'g c'it'leall a naimé,

'S a companaig an ammaí cabair a'ne bon' taim.

Imín an nís ús b'fós a'g buair na b-potaeas,

'S a companaig an ammaí bain a'ne bon' taim."

Play that which flies over us,*

And companion of my soul take care of your game.

Play that which digs the potatoes,†

And companion of my soul, &c., &c.

This had such a magical effect on his partner's judgment that one of the sailors actually sung out in vexation

* Crows fly over us and resemble the marks on Club cards.

† Spade cards are compared to spades with which potatoes are dug.

"D—n my eyes Jack, we've had no luck since he began that d—d Irish song!"

Upon his return to Ireland, he found that the wags of the neighbourhood had excited raging jealousy in the bosom of a Mrs. O'Kelly, by representing to her that her husband Hugh (a native of Portlaw), who was engaged in the fisheries at Newfoundland, had consoled himself in his separation from her by taking to himself a helpmate of those damsels amongst whom his fortunes had cast him. Hugh O'Kelly had been a faithful friend and comrade to the poet in that distant land, the latter therefore owed it to him to clear his character at home, and accordingly did so by a very facetious song which is here given for the amusement of the Irish reader,

Doméad Ruad Uthac Con-mara nó éan,
do Aod O'Cheallais.

Ai maidin a níl l', camadam ríeíl,
Ais zaisé zán céill da leacáid 'dín mnaib;
Zo b-feacáid ré Aod O'Ceallais zo tneist,
A d-talam an éirí 'na manzaine ríaisl.
Laz maib ran "stage" zán tapad 'na zéir,
O éarriais an éirí ran t-talam do zhaic;
A'r Sazranac méit da larzad an a taob,
O baéar zo réar a'r do b'aindeir mar pad!

Do b'aireid dam féin fearais nac é,
Do cleacáid an ríleir a'r nac ríadfad ón b-phairí;
Do naicad a b-pléid le Sazranac méit,
A d-talam an éirí a'r az baile zán elar.
Do plabfad, do pléarzfad, baéar a'r plaorza,
Do énapfad, 'r do naobfad, naéaca 'r enama,
Le bata, le cloídeam, le cleacáib, le pléir;
A'r glacaimre a Aod Uí Cheallais do páirt!

Mhar "frolie" le h-Aod dul tamall dá faogal,
 Go talam an éirí a3 caiteam 'r a3 fa3ail;
 Ní caiteam leir aon-neac mazaó ná bneise,
 Bheir a3 aitéir r3eal ann ran m-baile do mnaib:
 Jr fearamail, faobnac, leanabac, léimeac,
 Calma an laoc é a3 tapraing3 tap rail;
 A'r banna, a'r cléipear, eanna 'sur éadaic,
 A'r aipead réid aige a3 carad 'ran b-pal.*

Jr tapad do téideann ann bapca do léim,
 A'r na flaitir a3 réid. * mórnuin n3 la;
 A'r go m'fearna leir cnaormuín, 3aillean, a'r 3aoic,
 A'r cnaína dá maobad, ná tapraing3 an náma—
 A 3lacuib ba énean an halapó† a "mainsail,"
 Taca a'r téad dá rriacab3 go clár;
 Do neapui3 ré a céim a d-talam an éirí,
 A'r abnam3 go léim3 go d-ta3aib3 ré plan!

Jr é an fearnaíne rú3ac do caitead na púir,
 Do r3aippead an lionn a'r do lar3eab3 an clár,
 Do é3a3eab3 ran t-rúil aon t-ra3raíac namán,
 Do maobad ran 3-clúdaic a b-rocaín a mna—
 Bíon ca3a a'r epúr3a, canna a'r cúbar aín,
 A'r bata do lúbraó na doinn do 3uaic;
 Ní carpaó ré a cúil ne fearnaib3 na Múman,
 N3 3ur marluí3 an 3úca a éora 'r a láma.

An té carpaó ne h-Aod beir a3 tapraing3 an t-réic,
 N3 a m-banna na fléice a'r banna dá énaó;
 Sin damanta daon é má é3a3an3 go h-Éinninn,
 Beannuizib3 3ac éizre cleara 'sur bánd;—

* There is a particular season of the year called by the Newfoundlanders "the Fall," which is *Irised* here by the poet.

† Here the English word "halyard" is *Irised*.

Do' b'feanna le Saobairt e beir eadromna fèin,
 Agus fearann ran rìleip 'r' as cup eagla an càc;
 Sin anead òn aedean a d-calam an èirí;
 Sin tearbar an Aod O'Cheallaig òm' laim!

It was in the city of Hamburg that he wrote the beautiful song *Bân Chnoic Eireann O!* (The Fair Hills of Erin O!), which is printed in O'Daly's *Munster Poets*; this song, amongst many more, proves how capable the Gaelic language is of worthily clothing true feelings of poetry.

In the year 1781 (some are positive that it was in 1770), *Donnchadh* became a member of the church of England and was given the clerkship of Kilmaethomas church with a yearly salary of £20. We may assign any cause but conviction for this step, for his patron Mr. William Power (himself too a Roman Catholic, though he was for some time supposed to have conformed), insisting on an account of the new tenets he professed, the poet wrote the English lines commonly known by the Irish name of *Cre ain-chriostamhail Uilliam Paer Bhaile Ui Mhaoil* (The anti-christian creed of William Power of Ballyvoile) and so called from being addressed to that gentleman. This creed commences thus:—

"I believe in Calvin John, and Martin,
 Whom is our very soul and heart in."

This production naturally led to his dismissal from the clerkship, whereupon he returned to his former religion, and addressed to Mr. Power "An excuse for not timely writing the Anti-christian creed," which he delayed until he had touched his first year's salary. The Excuse begins as follows:

"Sir, to excuse my want of speed,
 In writing this Anti-christian creed;
 I just take up my rusty whistle,
 To pipe this short and rude epistle."

Donnchadh's life not having been a pattern of morality, we have already seen that he had fallen foul of the Clergy; and

did many of the Munster poets, witness the *Mangaire Sugach* and Owen Roe O'Sullivan—and he probably made his temporary secession in order that he might defy that body; of one of whom he said, about this time—

"Ir ole an éana éib mac an t-ádhúna,
 So pléiteamhar cum dul a ríead."

And,

"A fágait na mar t-ádhúna, cónac, dear,
 Beir m'anam boet plan an ríad do éona a ríead."

He may, moreover, have been desirous of bringing the terrors of the law to bear upon rival teachers, and he is said to have actually banished one of them out of the neighbourhood by means of the strict enactments of those penal days against all Popish instructors. The salary likewise, trifling as it was, may have had its weight with him, for though he does not expressly say so, yet he represents himself in "The Excuse" as very badly off:—

"My cares by night and toils by day,
 To thatch this homely house of clay;
 My younglings, Sir, a squalling brood,
 For whom I must get daily food.

And,

"I have no lands or free estate,
 'Tis pity troth, but that's my fate;
 Ah, cruel times, I cannot spare,
 Or steal one hour for creed or prayer!"

Shortly after this time *Donnachadh* became so disabled by repeated attacks of palsy that he had to be carried in a rude palanquin formed of a wooden chest with iron rings at the ends, through which were passed staves; as he advanced further in years he also lost his sight. It is most probable that he re-visited the continent in those years, during which we lose sight of him, for he was certainly acquainted with some of the modern languages of Europe; he himself used to relate anecdotes of his wanderings in Holland, Spain,

and Portugal, which must have happened subsequently to the tour he made on his return from Rome. Tradition says that he was at one time engaged in teaching the "Pretender" Irish: it is very possible that he may have seen him.

According to the description of those shortly since still alive who remember *Donnchadh*, he was six feet three inches in height, and athletic in proportion; his complexion, as his cognomen indicates, was what is commonly termed "foxy." He died at a great age in 1814, and he now sleeps in the churchyard of Newtown, near Kilmacthomas, without a stone to point out his grave to the stranger, although his descendants and the neighbours know it well. It is from a wish to do something towards preserving his memory and his poems amongst those who take an interest in the humbler branch of Irish vernacular literature, that the translator has ventured to obtrude upon the public any effort of his own; and with this apology, which he hopes will find favour in the eyes of those who do not act upon the (in this unfortunate land) fashionable plan of despising their own country and its productions, he wishes the gentle reader very heartily farewell.

S. H.

April, 1853.

EACHTRA SHJOLLA AN AHWALLAUN.

Do tuit amac ar Dhonnad Whac Chon-mara, mile reat
 3-céad azur cúis bhaḡanna 'r daitéiod, an ceathnadh
 la déag de mī na Bealltaine.

AN CHEAD KOINN.

Do mairfaim rzeól dom cōmair ar aonrad,
 A m-bhaḡnaib beoíl dob' eól do céadta;
 An Bhrían Bhōinne—ar flōḡ na Féinne—
 'S ar élan mac Lóbuir, Whōin, a'r Whaonuir.
 Níon cōma dam teat tar ḡnear dá raotar,
 Na ar nūadact do buain dam deargza 'n t-raoḡail:
 Do bḡis zo nabar-ra zann ra ḡneḡnaib,
 'S zup rḡit zo fann-laḡ dḡeam na h-Eirneam;
 Zan éior, zan éabain, act rḡionnar bḡeise,
 Da 3-ciorbad az clannab Zall ir tḡeime,
 Az mūnad rzeile dob' obain dom laetib,
 'S ba nūn don pōbal zo m'fōlam an éim rḡn;
 'N uain tūḡad mo cōmair cōin a'r ḡleat dam,
 Cupdeacta 'r rḡit ó neoin zo éile;
 Níon cūmar dam cōmar do cōmad do aon díob,
 Na rḡillinn d'ól zḡ zup dōḡte an éim rḡn.
 Ann ran oḡce am luḡe 'r mē am aonair,
 Bhḡdear az rḡuairneam ar ḡhōmarḡa an t-raoḡail;

¹ Aliter,

Níon éuinnib mē ón na rḡoin ar aon cor.
 Act an rḡillinn do ḡobainn d'ól zo h-éargza.

ADVENTURES
OF
A SLAVE OF ADVERSITY,
WHICH BEFEL
DONNCHADH RUADH MAC CON-MARA,
May 14, 1745.

PART I.

IN their own tongue the soul-delighting tale
I fain would sing, to charm the list'ning Gaël;
How Brian Boru, how Fenian warriors fought,
What deeds Mac Lobus, Mor, and Magnus wrought:
But not their mighty deeds of battle claim
The poet's pen to give them lasting fame,
With greater justice than what happen'd me,
In my late voyage o'er the rolling sea.

I, being ready, without land or kine,
Nor I alone, but thousands, forced to pine—
The tribes of Erin, hopeless and oppress'd
By dire misrule, by grievous laws, address'd
To thin their wasting numbers, with such aid
As treachery, gold, and perjur'd spies had made—
Was fain to wield the country pedant's rod;
And truly none could ever say I trod
A royal road to riches, for at fair,
At wake, or marriage, I was always there:
Press'd by the neighbours to each rustic feast,
So that my mirth, but not my purse increased.²

One night I toss'd upon my lonely bed,
Racking with anxious thoughts my weary head,

² The translation was made from the *aliter* reading given on the opposite page.

Ar cáiteam mo deata gan ariag,³ gan éadaic,
 'S gur mór go m'féartha beir tamall mar Whaol beag,
 A g-cómar na g-capall nó ag carbad na críe real,
 Nó ag ól bainne a d-tig Whaolfeaclaigh Uí Whaonaig:
 Ní óigbean cáile do glacad mar éile,
 Nó fós dá naéfaigh ar talam na h-Eireann,
 'S go m'eól dam realad do cáiteam am cléineac,
 'S go naéfaigh fá feól le feoiúne an réidead,
 Go Sagraad núad, mar dóir go m'féidir.

Ar éaict na maidne do pteabar go h-éadrom
 Ar mo leabaig le cáiteam an ríeíl rin;
 Beirim a mo bata, 'r n-í rtafaigh an aon éon.
 Bhí seiric ann mo hata 'ran b-fairean, a'r faoban ann,
 Do mizead dam "jackets" beag, gearra, le rmeidead,
 A'r léinteaca breaca go bairra mo méara.
 Do cuirfear rlan nem' cáide a n-éirfeact,
 'S le cuid nion fágbur rlan le foiréizean;
 Da g-carbad dam aiteac d'fágail a n-Eirinn,
 Do naéfaigh tar fáile a n-aic nán baogal dam.

Bíod a fíor ag an d-talam, 'r ag maicib zeal' Paonaic,⁴
 A laet leacáid, mion-eairra, a'r gmeirthead,
 Thuig an pobal a b-focair a céile,
 Chum mo cóirigíte a g-cozad nó a rpeirliinn.
 Stór ná caillthead ruim do laetib,
 'S cóirra doirinn 'na d-tollfaigh fén ann;
 Do bí feact b-fíeib ob ceirce 'r a n-annlann éirg ann,
 Le h-aigaid a n-íete cóir mionc 'r buó mien lom:

³ Ariag. The name of a small chest used by country women for
 holding oatmeal, which commodity was the staple food of *Paeracha* (Pewer's
 country) in the county of Waterford, in the middle of the last century.
 It has been seen in the sketch of *Donnehad's* life prefixed to the poem,

Reviewing life's drear woes, and how I spent
 My strength on useless labour, which but lent
 A beggar's pittance; better far to toil
 Like little Maol, and turn the stubborn soil,
 Or drive the cart, and earn my daily share
 Of Malachy O'Meany's hospitable fare;
 Or to seek out a thrifty maid to wife,
 Or ev'n to fly from Erin's isle for life,
 And ply the clerkly pen where, far away
 Upon New England's shore, a brighter day
 I hop'd would dawn, to cheer me on my way.

When morning broke I lightly left my bed,
 So pleas'd was I with all my plans, and sped
 To bid my friends farewell in such a haste,
 That to wish all goodbye seem'd quite a waste
 Of time; so with a knowing hat and band
 Of newest fashion, and my stick in hand,
 A jacket which a dandy would not scout,
 And clean check'd shirt with wristbands peeping out,
 Away I went determin'd if I found
 A single ship to distant regions bound,
 I'd seek my fortune where I might be sure
 That working manfully, I'd not die poor.

Let all the country know, and each proud chief
 Of Power's blood, what store for my relief
 In battle's dangers, or in stormy weather,
 The people's kindness freely brought together.
 A store which many days would not expend—
 A coffer which would hold me in one end;
 Seven score of eggs, with their due share of fish,
 To make me, when inclin'd, a sav'ry dish:

that the family of Power were his chief, perhaps his only patrons, among the gentry of his neighbourhood. It was at the special desire of Mr. William Power, of Ballyvoile, that he composed this mock *Aeneid*, after returning from his unsuccessful voyage.

Cnóca ime do dhígead le faochar,
 'S spóla roille ba éiríme do'n mheirne;
 Bhí reacht z-cloca mhn éiríme glóin chréire ann,
 'S dhíodairí éiríste na loirde ne céile;
 Bhí lan bannairle do b'fearna bí 'n-Eilinn
 Do potataíde leatana ar eagla zéarbhuid:
 Do tuzar caiz leanna ann do larrad le rméidead,
 'S do cúirthead na maib 'na m-beata, da m'féidir.
 Leaba a'r clúda a z-cumair a céile,
 Ceangailte ar dhom mo éiríme le téada:
 Bhí bhoza ariz ann, "wig" a', "beard";
 A'r rtóir mar rin anoir ná déarfad.
 So Poncláirge de'n reair rin téidim-re,
 Chóim fionta ne Conán na Féime:
 Zhlaear mo lóirín, bóid bíd a'r feara,
 Fannair an óz-mhaoi ba cónaíde bí 'n-Eilinn.
 Do bí rí fannaeac, fálteac, feardae,
 Ba cum, tair, náiraeac an "drawer" le glaoch é i;
 Zac róir da d-tazad, a blairthead ní fearthead,
 D'imneorad eaetna, rtartha, a'r rzéalta:
 Ní glaethead rí kalad ná fearz zo h-eaz leat,
 An fard bharthead rí airthead azat zán tpaocad.
 Do léirthead do lam ar airt 'ran t-raozal di,
 O imeall a fal zo bair a céile:
 'S a z-cúpra mha ní éirísteim féin air,
 Aet cúir a zairne fát mo rméidead!
 Do rin rí mo clú, da m'fíú mo faochar,
 'S do cúirthead rí am cúpra púgdair zléirthead:
 Bhíoc deoc ar maidin, 'r mé am leabairz, da gléar dam,
 O bonn zo baear 'rí beairthead zo léir mé,
 Ba mór m'ionzairtur a roineandact féile,
 S fearar a buime cum rinzine d'éilíom;

The choice of butter pack'd into a crock,
 A lump of tallow, firm as any rock;
 Seven stone of meal, the smoothest mill e'er made,
 Such sausages as would supply a trade,
 A heap of lumpers, that would put to shame
 All other roots in Ireland of the name;
 A keg of ale would make the mourner smile,
 And, could aught do it, raise the dead awhile.
 My bed and blankets on the trunk's outside,
 With ropes together were securely tied;
 While brogues within, and glossy beaver pack'd,
 Made up a kit which nothing needful lack'd

Conán the Fenian had no bolder heart
 Than I, when first I made my hopeful start
 For Waterford, and there betook myself
 To those snug quarters where a smiling elf,
 Of graceful form, and face, and ringlets too,
 With welcome beaming from her bright eyes, drew
 The cheering draught; nor would refuse to sip
 It with you, if you coax'd; and then her lip
 You slyly might approach with your's, the while
 She sang, or told the legend, and a smile
 Would ever greet you; and whate'er you did,
 Had you but money, you'd ne'er find she chid.
 A woman's ways we'll not stop to discuss,
 But what makes them laugh, gives a smile to us!
 This lassie took a liking to me, I don't know
 Wherefore, and ev'ry morning white as snow
 She powder'd my peruke and brought me up,
 'Ere I left bed, a fortifying cup.
 And much I wondered at this kind display,
 Till I consider'd how, from day to day,
 Her mother scor'd the tally, nor would draw
 For her fair child to treat me, as I saw,

Bhí maistreádh a mácaí³ cairt ná bhaon dam,
 Do cairteádh an cairtle d'fágaíl gan pléid uaim.
 D'fanaí³ 'na b-feidil rín ruim do laeí³,
 Agus faine ar lúg do maí³ ar Eirínn:
 Bhí Captaín Allen, fear meánmá³, aonac,
 Agus ceac³ fán m-baile, 'r nion b-fada gun néigear leir.
 Gleasaim oim go h-oban ne féní³,
 Wé fén 'r mo éor³ ar roan a n-éimí³;
 Do éu³ do'n Phurairde³ an gearán curmaí³,
 'S ualaí³ "gadan dom" meádaí³ an éaob³ de.
 Do éu³ mo éor³ an bóir go h-éar³,
 W'r uairle an póir³ ag ól gan triaí³:
 Fíar³ go h-aí³ an labairí³ beaí³,
 'S d'fí³ a b-fí³ a laí³ an eí³.
 Nion b-fuí³ dam m'aim do éaí³ do'n éimí³,
 'S Mac Con-mara éir³ an "day-book"
 Dob' éir³ mo éor³ réol³ an éaob³ díom,
 'S mé ag éan³ ceol³ a r rí³ an "state-room."
 Sgairtear réol³ an neom do Phoeur,
 Do bí Aeol³ leó, a'r Téir,
 Sgairtear am³ do píe³ an triam³,
 W'r dí³ a b-fad ar tear na gneí³,
 Nion b-fada gun goí³ an g-eol³ rín Wí³
 An fí³ dí³, a'r maí³ na rí³;
 Bhí beaí³ gan noim ag Tad³ O'Laí³,
 'S ní bí³ ré gneí³ le tneí³, ná bhaon dí;
 Bhí Caolte O'Caí³ ag caí³ a éí³,
 'S ní b-fuí³ ré a bí³ rí³ an aon³;
 Bhí Peaí³ O'Dú³ a g-cú³ an aon³,
 W'r é ag úí³ an fí³;
 Bhí Cairí³, 'r Tí³, 'r Gearí³, an raí³,
 Agus cairí³ mo plú³ a n-oní³ na rí³;

³ An Purairde, "Passage." The name of a small seaport town on the Suir, below Waterford. There is a village of the same name on the Lee, below Cork; which, however, is known in Irish as An Calair (The Ferry or Passage).

A quart or single drop that was not laid
Straight to my charge, and worried me till paid.

There then, until some days had gone their round,
I waited for a vessel outward bound :
And when bold Captain Allen came to port,
We struck our terms, our bargaining was short.
I bade farewell to my young hostess fair,
Then hir'd a carman's garron, with a pair
Of gaping panniers; one of which my chest
And self receiv'd, the other closely press'd
With herrings balanc'd the divided weight,
And so to Passage with my precious freight.
As quick as thought they hoist on board my trunk,
Where harbour bigwigs all are getting drunk :
And asking, "D'you speak English?" stood amaz'd
To hear my answer, in quaint Latin phras'd.
The clerk took down my name with jealous care,
The day-book open'd, and engross'd it there :
Then in the cabin, at their own request,
I join'd the revellers with song and jest.

At glowing noon they spread the bellying sail,
While Æolus concedes the fav'ring gale ;
Thetis too smiles, so with that single sun,
A goodly stage of our long race is run.
But Magnus' luckless children had to try,
Ere long, th' effects of deep sea and dark sky—
Poor Teige O'Leary's food unheeded lay,
Strange qualms attacking took his taste away ;
Keelty O'Keefe sat weeping for his bride,
Nor had the strength to lay his breeks aside ;
Peter O'Dooda, in a quiet nook,
Phelim's good blanket for a basin took ,
Carbry and Toby, with Garrett at their back,
Dealt me for fun's sake many a sounding whack—

Bhí buacáill Uí Leatlobairn ag altúgadh a mheirle,
'S cé buairfeadh é 'ran leat-rúil 't Calbae le rzeirde;
Bhí Seanaile O'Dobairn a'r F'ad ag taorzagadh,
Catál a'r Conn a n-zabál a céir;
Bhí Seagán O'Thoighe 'ran rube da éraoead,
'S da éeano a zoile ag cur air a n-éirfeacht;
Do bí rhuét iníe Anlaobh a d-teannasbh zéar' ann,
Ag airtog 'r ag brúetzaghl an rúraibh a céirle;
Zur dearbairt Dairmuid riar, a'r faobair ann,
Na mairfeadh a d-erian da d-erhall ó Eirinn.

Shí man éirtheadan tamall zo taomnac,
Tuirfeac, padtuirfeac, thearzagair, éraoéta,
Agur bíd an m'falluinn nán éaire dam fém é,
Sinte tarra cón h-aindeir ne h-aonneac;
D'éanar am marz zán p'neab, zán faoetain,
Mar do beirthead rac, zán fead, zán zlaod ionnam.
Mo éneac fada! n'or mazadh ba méin hom;
Ba mé an cleas marzagb, nó an lardrom aonair;
Aét bacan an náire tráét an eizceair;
Airtoc mo fláirte zo n-deáirna mé an rad,
Ba m'ne mé ag iarraid an Dha, da m'fóidín,
Stuinn d'an b-fiaradh amair zo h-Eirinn.
Do b'feairn hom ná a b-feacar do mairtear an t-raozair,
'S a fázair—zib fairrinn—a naiba d-tairze ag Choerur,
N'or lomair óirda éóg mac Aeron,
'S na foear na Scótae, a'r Whóir Dhaíl-mada;
Nó da b-fuirginn 'ran m'ne an éirne-bean Déirde,

¹ The tragical account of Deirdre and the Sons of Usnach forms one of the three stories called, by the Irish, "The three Sorrows of Romance." It is in the hands of every Irish scholar, and was printed in the *Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Dublin*, 1808.

A boy of Lawlor's race who tried to eat,
 Calvach capsiz'd by rolling from his seat;
 Gerald O'Dower was wasted to a thread,
 And Flann gave up all hope he'd quit his bed;
 While Shâne O'Trihy by all nature's sluices
 His bursting sorrows in the scuppers looses;
 Cahal and Contr. were, notwithstanding, fighting,
 And here, in one foul chorus all uniting,
 Of sighs, and groans, and many a doleful sound,
 Mac Auliffe's clan lay huddled in a mound.
 There Dermot lay, and as he lay he swore
 That not one third would e'er reach haven more.
 Alas! alas! it was a sorry sight,
 To see them sprawl in heaps from morn to night;
 No respite yet from sickness for an hour,
 Their strength, their spirits gone, their ev'ry pow'r:
 Toss'd from their berths, without a rag to cover,
 Inert they lay there till the plague blew over.

Thus miserably then they spent a season,
 But I for mirth, believe me, had no reason;
 For in the self-same plight, upon my back
 I lay full long, as helpless as a sack.
 No speech or whisper murmur'd from my tongue;
 Fit laughing-stock if I had then been flung,
 In fair or market, to the rustic throng!
 In fact I really have not got the face,
 To represent in full my piteous case;
 Thus much—until my limbs again grew strong,
 To heaven's High King I often pray'd, and long,
 A storm to raise, and sweep us back once more,
 If so it might be, to old Erin's shore.
 I'd rather then than all of wealth and
 The world doth hold, or Croesus own'd, tho' great:
 I'd rather far than that which Æson's son,
 The golden fleece, from watchful dragons won;

Léir eallleas clann cúmraic Uirniú na d-éireneac;
 Nó an dearmad Seán re' a b-Flóndair do ghéineib,
 'S é a' teitead ó na n-amaib go Hanover an éiríu—
 A n-deirm do tabairtinn mar mhalairt ne buideacur,
 An beir 'ran m-baile, nó a b-calair-éiríu;
 An beir 'ran m-Bairnéact, an neartuagad 'dhi Thadlaib,
 A' neic mo éacraim, 'r a' rmaicúagad mo éneada;
 Nó a n-áice an t-raigair, éugad teaigair go réin dam,
 'S blairéad na leanna go rairiúgán an éiríu;
 Nó a m-Baile Sheoirre, a b-cóirgán an t-réimín,
 Rirteair ban, do b'féair do Phaonéair;
 Nó an rann b-Cheatalaig^a a b-eleactad mo gailte,
 Nó a Lunnéac for Sionn na b-caolbair;
 Nó an Shliab gail b-Cua,⁷ nu'g buad na gailte,
 A' mar luét duanta, dnuad, a' r cléir;
 Nó a b-foeair Uilliam Uí Mhóirín, rann áir-léigair,
 Do déanad reannán ór cionn clann m'áig.
 Céad n' rairiú na' d-éiríu an béalra,
 Béir do éleactan luét rairiú a n-éiríu.

CRIUCH LEIS AN b-CÉAD ROINN.

^a Instead of the two lines on King George, some copies read—

"Nó an dearmad Seán 'na éiríu do bairiú,
 'S é a' teitead ó na n-amaib go h-Éiríu an éiríu."

Or all the trinkets which John in his trunk forgot.
 When flying from his enemies to Youghal with speed.

which, apparently, had some local interest.

⁶ An Cheatalaig, *Anglice* Cratloe, and divided into an Cheatalaig mór, an Cheatalaig mheán, agus an Cheatalaig éagol.

There were three castles on these lands in the year 1584 belonging to

Than all the splendour which 'tis said did grace
 Dalriada's chieftain, and the Scotie race ;
 Than Deirdre, she who's love wrought out a grave
 For Usnach's sons, the gentle and the brave ;
 Than all the valued things which George's dread
 Forgot in Flanders, when in haste he fled—
 I'd rather then than all this princely store,
 Be lodg'd at home again, or safe ashore ;
 With joy I would have giv'n it all to be
 Among the Gaël, O Barony, in thee ;
 Retailing quarter pounds of humble stock,
 Or in the school-room ruling o'er my flock :
 Beside the pious man who car'd my soul,
 Nor yet forgot the freely giv'n bowl ;
 At Ballygeorge, where I could see the pride
 Of all the Powers, white Richard, by my side ;
 Or at Cratloe, where I first op'd my lips,
 Or Shannon's Linn'rick of the stately ships ;
 Or in bright Slieve Gua, in all the land
 Which bears the palm for openness of hand :
 Holding sweet converse with the learn'd and gay,
 And William Moran, who would chant a lay
 Worthy the ancient poets, o'er my clay.

All this I wish'd, and wish'd much more beside,
 As people do, when by misfortune tried.

END OF PART I.

Donnell Mac Teige, to Shane, and to Donnell Oge Mac Namara, from one of whom, no doubt, our poet was descended, though he has nowhere left us his pedigree.

7 Slab 3-Cua. This locality has already been mentioned.

AN DARA ROJNN.

Ioná d-einídean an ionzantur abbat-món nóe do éonaine ré a mób anlinze
a n-eolcur ne h-Aoisbeall Channaise léite—an dal r an áic no a n-áic-
tean Clirum—an an nabadic do éonaine ann—azur an éannzaineact
Chonain Mhaol—an a éac- ar rin—azur an éarab fá lunnz Fhann-
carb—azur an tabaite caea bi—an a éacé a baile—azur an a eion-
zuidé fém cum Dé fá deoré.

Eirdis tamall zo n-aiséurim rjeal díb,

A'r tan éir na rparhaine zeallam nac buéaz rin

An lan mo rmaoite, a'r m'imzeim tpaocda,

Do éaimz an t-ríebéan mionla, maonda ;

Bhi a cuaca rjaolte rior zo fear lai,

A'r a zpuad mar éaon a3 ruzéam a rjeime ;

An éiozain a peapran d'aiséim mé an éisim,

Aoisbeall' élearac na Cannaize léite !

Do éurp rí lam an élar la3 m'éadain,

A'r do éóz rí a n-áirde ar m'anur fém me ;

Do éaimz an fárbéan manla léi me,

Zur rtaod lím lam le báiriz néidéz.

D'amancar uaim' a n-áluaread zaoé ar,

Szeac an a buac leat-t-ruar a'r rpaoc zlar

Do maetnad mé an ear zo h-ardact éadmar,

Cia an t-eaéman fá3ain ionan b'ail léi mé éun.

Do éuz rí zo h-áibid oim fpeaznad a n-éime,

"Na eimead beart an bje fearz na fpaoc oit,

"Na déim ionzantur do neidéz an t-raozail,

"Na tréiz mire zo h-éillín 'r ní baógal duit ;

"Radane nac b-fuain fín Thuadimunan le éóile,

"Do zeebain-re uaim, a'r luac do fáoéain."

* Aoisbeall élearac na Cannaize léite. Her proper name is Aoihbinn, which appears to be connected with the Latin word *amēnus*, with which it corresponds in meaning. She was considered to be the bean ríze (Fairy-woman) of the O'Briens, Mac Namaras, O'Kennedys, O'Grady's, and their cognate families of the Dalí 3-Cair, or Dalcassian race. She was supposed

PART II.

Wherein is told of the exceeding great marvel he saw after the fashion of a dream, in conversation with Ævall of Craglea—Of his going to the place called Elysium—Of the sight he saw there—Of the prophecy of Conán Maol—Of his return thence—Of their meeting with a French ship—Of their giving her battle—Of his return home—and of his own petition to God at last.

Listen, whilst I in truthful numbers tell
What wonders next, these hardships o'er, befel.

I lay possess'd by many a gloomy thought,
When lo! a lovely Nymph my presence sought;
Her long hair waving in its downward flow,
Her bright cheeks warming with the berry's glow,
Her form, her gait, her ev'ry limb so fair,
Told me 'twas Ævall of Craglea was there.

Upon my aching brow she laid her hand,
And gently raising, whisper'd me to stand;
Then soaring upward drew me thro' the night,
Till on a verdant plain she stay'd her flight.
A gloomy cave whence noxious vapours gush,
Her haggard sides o'ergrown with heath and bush,
Fearing I saw, and marvell'd to what end
The Banshee next her wandering steps would bend.

She saw my trouble, and with kindly speech,
"Fear not," she said, "no pain or harm shall reach
"Thy head from aught thou see'st, nor stand aghast
"At fiend or monster, they shall all be past
"In safety, so thou bide with me, and thou shalt say
"Thou saw'st a sight which no man to this day
"Of Thomond's clans e'er saw, or shall see more,
"When thou returnest full of wondrous lore."

to reside at Cragh Lee (the Grey Rock), anglicised Craglea, very near Killaloe; hence her name *Slíobéall na Cragh Léiréa*. She was of the *Tuata de Danann* race, and sister to Aine of Choc Aine, in the County of Limerick.

* *Spelunca alta fuit, vastoque immansu hiatu.*—*Æneid*, VI. 237, *et seq.*

Do gluairear léi go h-éadrom earza,
 'San uaim rin rior ar foillre an lae 31;
 Go b-peaceamair uaim ann cuanta 'r 3éaróuinn,
 Ar Aceon fuar a3 gluaireact taobh linn.
 So an t-anae 'na h-gabaid an dhonnóg nóe d'éazan,
 Fac anam earumal a h-geall do daontar.
 Na mílte ceann do bí ann go déanae,
 Naé b-fuígead dul anonn tan a'arinn don céim rin,
 Ní h-ionann mar do éirtean le *Virgil* 'ran *Aeneid*,
 Sur le h-uinearba a 3-coréa ar an raogal ro;
 Aét fluaité earéan le rabuine a raotár,
 A3 ól 'r a3 capbur go b-fanad zan lonnad,
 San cabacunn¹⁰ aco ná'n leatpóu3in déanae,
 Le tabairt don éalact muna b-facaid mar déine i.
 Ir é cluinn da na3 a3 luét ná3te 'r lé3inn,
 Sur b' é duine bí a m-bad ann Cáron méir3ineae;
 A deimpre le3 sur dóib ir bne33 rin,
 Aét cle3ine mói de pói na h-Einneann.
 Do é3óm3r an sean-bad a é3omáin go raotnae,
 A3 an díneabae 3alánta, Conán¹¹ na Féinne;

¹⁰ Cabacunn. This was a small Irish coin, current in his day = $\frac{1}{2}$ farthing. Donnchadh here inculcates the *ultra-heathen* doctrine that it was not as a punishment for crimes or vices, but as a penalty for not having money, that the souls were detained.

¹¹ An díneabae 3alánta Conán na Féinne. In this passage, which affords vast entertainment to the Fenian story tellers of Slieve Gua, we again fall in with our old friend Conán na Féinne (Conán of the Fenians). He is of frequent occurrence in the poems entitled *Lao3te Oir3in*, or *A3allina Oir3in a3ur Phádraice* (the *Lays of Ossian*, or the *Dialogues of Ossian and St. Patrick*). The Irish reader is well acquainted with his character; should others feel any curiosity on the subject, they will find it discussed in Dr. Drummond's lately published translations of some of the above mentioned poems: we shall here describe him as he has often been described before, namely, as being among the warriors of the Fenians what Thersites was in the Grecian host. He is commonly spoken of, in Fenian poetry, as Conán maol (Conán the Bald, his right name being Conán Mac M3óine), and amongst other soubriquets, rejoiced in those of an sean maol (the bald man), and an sean borb (the cruel or surly man). We will now shew how he

Down thro' th' abyss then lead me trembling on,
 Leaving behind us far the genial sun,
 Till 'tretch'd before us loom'd the grisly shore,
 Which Acheron lashes with a sullen roar;
 The stream that must be pass'd by all the dead,
 Whose banks oppose them till their debts be paid.

'Twas sad to see the thousands there whose tears
 Would bribe no passage o'er for countless years;
 But not, as Virgil says, those souls whose course
 On earth consigns them now to vain remorse:
 Rather the myriad host who give their health
 To joys of sense, and riot till their wealth
 Be vanished all, no halfpenny left to pay,
 Unless their charge some pitying soul defray.

And now, methinks, I hear the learned state
 That Charon there bears o'er the ghostly freight;
 'Tis no such thing, I beg they'll understand,
 But a stout gilly from old Erin's land.
 For as we mark'd the old craft stem the tide,
 Conân the Fenian caught my eye inside;
 A black sheep's skin around his loins was sewn,
 And well I knew him by this sign alone.
 Each Sassanach paid a tester for his seat;
 Ask what he would, no answer would he meet
 But Latin words or Gaelic—when the lusty wight
 Saw gentle Ævall lead me into sight,

obtained the first epithet of "maol," as on that turns the joke of the present passage. It is accounted for as follows in the legend called *an bhnuigeán éadóininn* (The enchanted fort of the quicken tree), the building being of that wood. During an expedition against the Danes, Fionn Mac Cumhaill, accompanied by several of the Fenians, and Conân Mac Môirne amongst them, entered the fort, which they found most sumptuously furnished, and untenanted. They proceeded to make themselves comfortable, but after waiting some time, marvell'd that no attendants appeared to bring them food or drink; and, by degrees, were made aware that the various splendours and numerous doors of the fort were vanishing, until it was reduced to a mere bothie, with

Bhí ciorcann dub-éoirge ar a éirí mar éadaí,
 A' r uíor beag linn go deó ar mar cōmhartha an méid riu;
 Ní éabairfadh Saíraíocht tairna gan réal géal,
 A' r ní labairfadh dada leó aet Laidcann nó Saoideilz.

but one entrance. Hereupon a chief of the Fenians said it was a forbidden thing for him to be in a fort with one door, and that he feared this was a fort of treachery (ir gear damra beir a n-bhuirinn don donur go). He exhorted the Fenians to break out of it, and Conán said they would; but when "he stretch'd out his active warrior-hand over his broad weapons, and thought to rise, he could not leave the place wherein he was." The other chiefs found themselves in the same case, and they then determined that this was an enchantment, which had been long preparing against them by the son of the king of Lochlin, i. e. Denmark, with the aid of certain magicians of other countries. Giving up all hope of release, Fionn exhorted them to die like warriors, and to sing the war-song, and to sound the battle-trumpet of the Fenians before death. Now I muid O'Duibhne, surnamed nam-ban (of the women), a choice warrior, and Fatha Conán had been left as sentinels to guard the Fenian camp against the Danes. The latter fell asleep on his post, and Diarmuid, in the meanwhile went off to divert himself by a skirmish with the enemy. Fatha Conán "sprang out of his sleep at the clangor of the shields being riven, and the ringing of the breastplates being broken," and was so enraged with Diarmuid for not awaking him that he pursued him for revenge. Diarmuid, at length, told him to go and wreak his anger on the foreigners, and added, "I swear upon my weapons of valour that of us two there shall not go from this place but him who shall be the stronger of us, if thou depart not from me immediately." Accordingly they both attacked the Danes and their allies, and put them to flight. After the pursuit they found themselves near the fort, to the door of which Diarmuid went, and was addressed by Fionn, who asked tidings of him. He replied that he and his comrade had slain the three kings of Innis Tuile, and many of their host; and had brought with them their heads, and the blood of their trunks, to disenchant the Fenians. This Diarmuid and Fatha Conán effected by rubbing the blood on them, and they all departed out of the fort, "giving thanks to the gods of the air," except Conán; "and he was so, and his two heels, the back of his head, his two buttocks, and his shoulders fastened to the floor of the fort, and they (i. e. the Fenians) without a single drop of the blood to rub to him. 'O Diarmuid,' said Conán, 'is it here thou wilt leave me?' 'It is not,' said Diarmuid, returning to him again. He told Fatha Conán to help him; and so they gave a valiant very mighty pull at him, so that they left a part of his skin cleaving to the ground." Wherefore it is from that that the surname, viz. Conán maol Mac Mhóinne, has followed him from that day to this." The other story of Conán's enchantment is found in an Ossianic poem

He shook his lockless head, fix'd his wild eyes,
 And like the roar of madden'd bull he cries;
 "Accursed witch! what renders thee so bold,
 "To bring a living thing of human mould

purporting to be a supplement to the one entitled *Cat énuic an ain* (The battle of Knockanaur). After the battle the Fenians were in a state of enchantment in the habitation of a *seer*, or druid, named *Draoigheantóir*; their enchantment consisting in not being able to rise. The druid comes to Conán first, with a sharp sword in his hand, to behead him; this so affects the rean-bomb, that he gives a spring through fear, which breaks the enchantment, but at the cost of all the skin of a certain part, which adheres to the ground. The Irish reader probably remembers the stanza in which this is very pithily described:

Do b' Draoigheantóir faoi gáib-thóir,
 Is a lann gan éors ó' cionn Chonán;
 D' éirigh an rean maol do gneab,
 'S fall níon éan an a gáib-thóir

Draoigheantóir was in fierce rage
 And his unchecked blade over Conán's head;
 The bald man got up with a jump,
 And not a strip of skin remained on his breech.

Conán, getting the better of his fear of death, implores the druid only to heal him first, to save him the disgrace of dying in that state, and then to kill him as soon as he likes. The druid's daughter Aine appears, and, at length, goes in and gets a woolly fleece, which *Draoigheantóir* fixes to Conán so as to stick to him for ever; and hence his surname. In the first legend we are left to suppose that Conán himself adopted the woolly tunic as a convenient substitute for his own skin; while in the second, though this is accounted for, there is no mention made of the loss of any part of the skin of his head, which was generally believed to have been bald, as we see by *Donnachadh's* description of him (*do éirigh a maol*). There seems moreover, to be a discrepancy in this latter version of his mishap; for though the poem professes to relate events subsequent to the battle of Knockanaur, Conán is continually mentioned by his nickname in the lay of that battle. It may be, however, that Ossian, composing both these poems long afterwards for the information of St. Patrick, had been so accustomed to give Conán this name, that he did so whenever he was speaking of him; even when narrating what happened before he earned it.

This accoutrement of Conán is, moreover, a burlesque on Charon's dress, *Sordidus ex humeris modo dependebat amictus*. *Æn.* VI. 301.

An uair éonairc ré Aoi-beall bhínn a'r mé aice,
 Do éirí a maolh. a'r ba ríormair a féacáin;
 A dúbairc mar éarbh, go fearfzác, fmaoéda,¹²
 "A éirída mallaijée, a cáilleac, 'r a méiríneac,¹³
 "Jr dāna éuzaire duine a f-cruíe daonā
 "A n-ait naé tízean aon ríolla de éne an híe;
 "A'r dā m'fíu lion, muprantaét eumurr do déanam,
 "Do nírízeam éura 'r do ríolla mar aon leat!"
 "Fóil a éuraé," an an míoarída maorída,
 "Tóz do éurac, 'i glac íomarca níríeí;
 "Duine zan buairc do fuair mé a n-íeapíuud.
 "De'n éne mór, a'r d'uairíh Éireann."
 Do ruí an macáin an báir mo méaríh,¹⁴
 A'r do ruíne ré záir ór aro, a'r béiceac;
 Le fuair a íoéa do éiríeac ná íeapíeā,
 Do éuala an éuríne 'r éurí íeíoníe íeíu ar.
 Tízeam tar ííoéān ían f-cruíeān éaolíuíh,
 A'r deíneam aít-íeapíu go enoéān beaz aoríac,
 Go íaníamair anaríe 'na íaríh íeapíe zan aoníarí.
 A n-ait 'na m-bíoe maríeín¹⁵ aí ííamíarí zan ííaoéad.
 Ní híeaz do *Virgil* a deíu íona híeapíeā,
 Íur ab é ío Cíubepur do íeíbe an níríeac;
 'Na éobla hí an éeapíe-lár an éoráí, 'r zan íeí ann
 Aíet íoparíac ííreapí, 'r é aí ííonán 'r aí íeíeac
 Do ruí an íeapí íóíuupíe de íóíííoeíe Éííu
 Go dub an a ííóíuapíí le íóííe a íeapíeā,
 Níor íeíí don íadíe íeapíe ná íeapíeā,
 Íur ííeapíeapíe íeapíe íeapíe íeapíe an n-daíeíu.

¹² Sic prior aggreditur dictis, atque increpat ultro.—*Æn.* VI., 387.

¹³ Fare age quid venias, &c.—*Æn.* VI., 389.

¹⁴ This and the three following lines, descriptive of Conán's joy at meeting one of the Gaeil, are among the best in the poem, and are written in the true spirit of heroic poetry. They are in imitation of those verses describing the shout of Polyphemus:

Clamorem immensum tollit, quo pontus et omnes
 Intremuere undæ, penitusque exterrita tellus
 Italiæ, curvisque immugiit Ætna cavernia.—*Æn.* III., 672.

"Into the place which brooks no form of clay?
 "Why beard'st thou me in mine own kingdom, say;
 "And if that I but chose to wield my pow'r,
 "Thou and thy vassal both were mine this hour?"

"Listen, O Friend," the gentle A-vall said,
 "Thy fury calm, and have no jealous dread;
 "Thou see'st a man I found in slav'ry's chains,
 With Erin's noblest blood in all his veins."
 The giant seiz'd my hand with gladden'd soul,
 Then louder roar'd than mightiest thunders roll;
 Heav'n's high cope trembl'd at his bellowing shout,
 The round world heard, and hell's black depths cried out
 On the frail bark we cross'd the darksome flood,
 And soon upon an airy hillock stood;
 First reach'd a pass where gap'd a portal wide,
 A growling monster watching by its side:
 Now Virgil's Muse, I own, here teaches well,
 That Cerb'rus is th' infernal sentinel;
 Right in our path he chanc'd to snore—no bed
 But humble vetches under him was spread;
 The mighty son of Heber's ancient race
 Clutch'd his rough throat, and pinn'd him to his place,
 Nor gave him room to turn to left or right,
 While we ran by to 'scape his hellish bite.
 Thence to the hill we sped without delay,
 And resting there, to varying thoughts gave way:
 Marvelling to see upon the plains afar,
 Departed heroes close in ghostly war.

Then spake our guide, and bade me mark with care
 The names and legends of those forms of air.

The broad vowels and gutturals contain something of an onomatopœic effect,
 not easy to reproduce in English.

¹⁸ Cerberus hic ingens latratu regna trifuca
 Personat, adverso recubans immanis in antro.—Æn. VI., 417.

Níor fanað linn go barrta cuise de'n méim rin,¹⁶
 Mar ar rtabamair a3 maectham 'r a3 féacain;
 Sur amarcas uaim an flua3 ar 3ac taob óiom,
 A3 carmair3 má 3-cuaird, 'r a3 ruazad a céile.
 A dubairt lom rui3e go n-unnread r3éal dam,
 Cúntar díneac buidhne 'r béara.

"Féacra éall uairt clann Shadélur,¹⁷

"A3ur bannraet modamair na h-Eíneann;

"Féac mar a leanair an aicme 'na d-tréamairt,

"A3 buairt píac ar an talam, dá 3-carad, 'r dá 3-caocad.

"An b-féicir an naide tá 'dm éir Pheirra a'r Féinear,¹⁸

"A'r Tuata de Danann¹⁹ a3 r3neadad 'r a3 r3neacac;

"An b-féicir Donn,²⁰ a'r a lann go faobrac,

"A3 teir3ean ceann a n-3abal a céile?

"An b-féicir éir 3roide na Traoi 'r na 3neir3e,

¹⁶ Et tumultum capit, unde omnes longo ordine possit

Adversos legere, et venientum discere vultus.—*Æn.* VI., 755.

¹⁷ Nunc age, Dardanium prolem quæ deinde sequatur

Gloria, qui maneant Italâ de gente nepotes.—*Æn.* VI., 757.

¹⁸ *Gadelius* and *Fenius*.—Of these two individuals the following account is given in Keating, O'Flaherty, and other writers on the bardic mythology of Ireland. Fenius Farsaith, great grandson of Japhet, founded a famous school of learning on the plain of Shenaar (Maacute Shénam) 242 years after the flood. He had two assistants, Gaodhal and Jar, and taught there most of the tongues which came into existence after the confusion of Babel. After a time Fenius returned to Scythia, of which he was king, and there ordered Gaodhal to digest the Gaelic language into five dialects, and hence it is said to have derived the name which it at this day bears among the Irish and the Highlanders of Scotland, viz. Gaoidheilg. Fenius had two sons, Nennal and Niul; the former became king of Scythia, the latter was invited to Egypt for the sake of his learning by Pharaoh Cinchree. Here he married the king's daughter, Scots, from whom the Milesians were afterwards called Scoti, and had by her a son called Gaodhal; and some say it is from him the Irish obtained the name of Gaoidhil, and their language that of Gaoidheilg. The successive migrations of his progeny, until their final settlement in Ireland, are minutely chronicled in the works of the above-mentioned writers, who have compiled from the older repertories of Irish history. It is by the advancement of these and similar fables as serious truths, that so much discredit has been brought upon Irish antiquities by zealous, but injudicious and

"Behold," said he, "Gadelus' children there,
 "And Erin's daughters, fairest of the fair;
 "See how the Gael pursue their swift career,
 "Smiting their foes, they shake the ground with fear.
 "Mark Fenius' contest with the Persian kings,
 "And hark, the scatter'd Danaans' shouting rings;
 "See'st thou how Donn doth whirl his flashing blade,
 "Whilst thousand warriors at his feet are laid?
 "See'st thou the mighty men of Greece and Troy,
 "Hector, impatient for the battle's joy;
 "The patriarch Anchises, sere and gray;
 "His son beside him on his weary way?
 "Behold, still Romulus his labour plies,
 "Rearing huge stones till fenced walls arise.

often ignorant advocates. For our own part, we would quote the words of honest old Keating (so often called the Herodotus of Irish history, and who wrote, A.D. 1629), concerning the conquest of Ireland before the deluge by Ceasair: "B'fó a fíor aghaid, a léagáidín, naé mar fíor fínníú éuim an gabáil ro Chearnac fíor, na aon gabáil eile san luamhain 30 nuí 30; aé do b'fíú 30 b'euarar fínníúéa neomh a rean-leabhar íad; a'ur n'í éuim éuim na reanabán na reanabé na réala ro an an n-euim éuim a n-euim n'í éuim, aé munab íad na reamh aenóa éf ma leandab ríe aco é 30 n'í íad ne ífín b'fí a b-pagáeac n'í." "Know, O reader: that I set not down as true history this invasion of Ceasair, or any other invasion of those we have mentioned hitherto, but because I found them written before me in ancient books: and I understand not how the Seannachies obtained these stories concerning the people who came into Erin before the flood, unless indeed the demons of the air, who were their familiar spirits, gave them to them during the time they were in heathenness."

¹⁹ The Tuatha de Danann were the second dynasty which ruled Ireland. They succeeded the Fir bolg, or Belgi, and were expelled by the Clanna Mhíle, or Children of Milesius, of whom are supposed to be the present Irish.

²⁰ Donn.—Either Donn fínníú of Cnoc fínníú (Knockferna, i.e. the hill of truth), near Ballingarry, in the County of Limerick, or Donn na Duimce, of the County of Clare. These are also mythological characters, supposed to exercise jurisdiction amongst the fairies of Munster. To the latter Andrew Mac Curtin addressed a poem of considerable merit, beginning *Beannuá ab Donn na Duimce a Duimce na Duimce*.

- "hæctor 'r a cíosdeam a3 maosdeam a laocúir;
 "An fear-dúine Aheirer, críon le laeéib,
 "A mac ne'na éaoib, a'r a fínrean éactac?
 "An b-féicín an obair úd a3 Romulus 'r a3 Rémur,
 "A3 cur cloca nire mar éorham cine méimí?
 "An 3-cluimpre an glór ro a3 fló3 na Féinne,
 "A3 reimm a 3-ceoil, a3 ríóir, 'r a3 pléimeac?
 "Ata honar ann a3 meallad rúlt Maecénar,
 "A'r dá gearrad rim san la3ad ar bit le 3éine;
 "Oib' 'na fu3e ar beinnre féin 3uir,
 "Nóta '3e dá ríóib 3o fo3eac cum Caeran:
 "Jubenal, 'r a fearn idir a méarab,
 "Diomblur mar dub a3e, a'r 3éimín.
 "Aod bu3e Mac Cruicín²¹ ó Eimín,
 "A3 ril3eacét 3o 3ob-éaoir a n-3aoideil3;
 "An ppiomra rúlt 3o ceannra 3he dá m-bréa3ad,
 "A'r le fonn a 3uib 3o d-tabarrad dúine ón éas leir.
 "An b-féicín na coilléir 'na lu3e reac 3ac aon lúet,
 "3o m-beimí a 3-cinn ear na Ciclopr ne éoile?
 "Atad ann rúd, ué! tríup na Féinne,
 "3o h-ann3acét, lúéman, lúac, léimneac;
 "Ué a Fhim míc Chúnaíl! a éim na Féinne!
 "San mé 3ur tú 'nar n-dúit3e 3aolmar,
 "3o d-tabarramaoir a baile a3ir an feara3e Séadur,
 "A'r be3eac cabair le n' a3ad a n-Allair, n3 meallad mire
 "Maétna3re Lúer d'iompu3 an téarma, [a n-Eimín.
 "A'r Calbin, an crúda, a3 cúbrad méitir;
 "An t-oétmad hanna3oi, 'r an hanna33ain bréa3ac,
 "Crocha ar hanna3a3ib le flabna3ib 3éana.
 "3ac Sa3ranaé dá n-3aban an ball ro pléar3an²²
 "An ceá3ar cam ro d' iompui3 ó'n 3-cléir éirt.

²¹ Aod bu3e Mac Cruicín.—A poet of the County of Clare. He lived early in the last century, and published at Paris an Irish grammar, an English-Irish dictionary, and some pieces on Irish history. His compositions are much esteemed.

"Yonder Mæcenas see, and Horace sit,
 "Still pointing satire with his playful wit;
 "Poor patient Ovid on the cold grass thrown,
 "Idling letters to proud Cæsar's throne;
 "There Juvenal sternly guides his venom'd pen,
 "Revealing all the blackest crimes of men;
 "Hugh Boy Mac Curtin, from far Erin's shore,
 "Listen, still chanting Gaelic verses o'er;
 "So skill'd to cheer, and banish ev'ry gloom,
 "His song the dead might quicken in the tomb.
 "But see those warriors, giant-like, whose might
 "Exceeds all nations, and whose stately height
 "Towers o'er the Cyclops—the great Fenian race:
 "O Fienn Mac Cumhaill! were thou and I a space
 "In our own land, we would restore his own
 "To Charles our hero, and win back his crown
 "With help of Alba,* or the hope we laid
 "In Erin's ancient truth and worth must fade!
 "See Luther there, the great schismatic, lurk,
 "And sordid Calvin, batt'ning on his work.
 "Last, the eighth Harry and false Queen remain,
 "Swinging as traitors in the felon chain.
 "Each Sassanach who comes here wrecks his spite
 "With blows on these who overthrew the Right;
 "But those thou seest unfetter'd, guiltless move,
 "Will reach the mansions of the Lord above."
 "And now depart," the friendly giant said,
 "Envoy of Erin to the exil'd dead;
 "To James's race the sceptre shall belong,
 "Shelt'ring his kingdom and thy race from wrong:

* Scotland.

Our poet here gives us to understand that when the *Sassanaigh*, or Protestants, arrive in these regions, they are so enraged at finding themselves "in the wrong box," that they seek to revenge themselves on Luther, Calvin, Harry the Eighth, and Queen Bess, as having got them into the scrape!

"Jad ro cá rzaolte, éidín zán aon loed,
 "B'annan anís zó nízecét míc Dé arteac."
 "Iméigre a baile," ar an fearuapne tneamhail,
 "A dúine ro éazan mar éacéapne ó Eilipín;
 "Is cada beid ríolnac minte, is Shéamuir
 "Zó h-anacnac, ríjormhail, claoide a n-zéarbhuid,
 "Zó n-éilipín plaimda do feamh-t-ríocét Eilipín,
 "Dhéanfaid cumneur mar zeall an éiceapne;
 "Bainfid an éoróipín de'n éoir ro a n-éilipne,
 "A'r leanfaid zó deo do póir Whléirur.
 "Seacapne an t-ole do loit ríol Eba ar pad,
 "Zab pailín, a'r tiorzad, 'r eior míc Dé oit;
 "Bí déapnac, capéannac, ar lapad le daonacét,
 "A'r néim na b-plaítear do zeabail mar fíodín.
 "Racadra ar ríubal, cá lúg a'r zlaod oim,
 "An aicme ro Lúter do bhuízeadar m'aod iomam;
 "Do mairb an Fhannac an domán 'r an raezal díob.
 "A'r caréfeadra a d-zabail anall má feadailm."
 Zó n-éada rzeim óm nadane don léim rín,
 Zup éóg Aoisbeall iozuin léi mé.
 Do éanzamail aníor a n-imnoll nac léim dam,
 Mar fáidtear líb eorín ar póillín le rveice
 Zán ríad óm ríuít do murzail mé am rín,
 Mo leaba dear fún, mo éponne a'r m'eadac;
 Is ainlaid bpaítear mé captha zán aon p'neab,
 'S an long a'z capmairg ar Sha'zan le foilléizean.
 Is ó éradailg mo éporde, 'n uail rímaoínead mé am rín,
 Zac zaba ar zabar tríd zup capheam bpaíte e.
 Níor b-fada zup labail an long, "sail-a-hoy!"
 "Your tackles and shrouds haul round for play, boys!"
 Féac frigate beaz fpanneac, lom, meap, zléarta,
 Do éup rín a b-ponne faoi rzanuad ar n-daoléim;
 Do éarí rí upéar faoi imeall an n-eadarín,
 A'r daitéiod zlan-zuna do léizead zac fáile.
 Zó m'éizean dúim carad éom rapad 'r do b'fíodín,

"A goodly plant shall spring of Heber's stock,
 "And quell th' oppressor in the battle's shock,
 "Pluck back the crown from the usurper's brow,
 "And on the Gael their lasting rights bestow.
 "Watch 'gainst the sins which curse all sprung from Eve,
 "With prayer and fasting Jesus' Cross receive;
 "Let love and kindness in thy bosom glow,
 "And Heav'n's bright joys in guerdon thou shalt know.
 "I go in haste—th' impatient summons rolls—
 "Luther! how toil I for thy followers' souls;
 "Myriads have fallen by the Frank's right hand,
 "And I must ferry them to phantom-land."

He gave a bound beyond my farthest ken,
 Then with me Ævail sought the haunts of men;
 By some strange mode emerging into air,
 Thro' such a hole as tempts us set the snare,
 To trap th' unwary rabbit passing there.

Straight I awoke from out my wondrous trance,
 My bed, chest, clothes, all met my doubting glance;
 And I perceiv'd ere long I had not stirr'd
 From off them, since I lay down as you heard.
 A storm had driv'n us to the English coast,
 And then I griev'd to know that all my boast
 Of marvels seen was but an empty dream;
 Short time had I for sorrow o'er my theme,
 For, lo, a small French frigate creeping on,
 And seconding her summons with a gun
 Athwart our bows, till we could plainly mark
 Full forty guns on board the Frenchman's bark.
 No wonder, then, these symptoms should affright,
 So we just put about, resolv'd on flight.
 As flies the hare along the mountain side
 Before the hound, while ev'ry art is tried
 Of speed, and cunning turn, until at length
 She stops, deserted by her failing strength;

A'r h  a a   ba m ara   m na a b    f    .
 M ar b      a      a    'r      -     a  e,²¹
 Da                    , '        a         ,
                    le      a b          a;
 Ba m                                   ;
 D  m                 b-       '             ,
 N                    m     b         ;
 D                a d-       lae    .
 B              b                           ;
 B                               , 'r      le      ,
 D       r  m       , 'r            le   m  .
 D                        b     a        ,
 A'r        a                                   ;
 T     a b            , 'r ba         ,
 A'r     m  b        b     n  b        .
 A  l                m      , m        ,
 M   a        le b    , n             le        .
 M ar b               le CRJOSD b    b      ,²²
 A      b        ,   R   n       m ;
 T    a            ,         a'r         ,
         m'    ,           m        a.

²¹ Donnchadh's simile of the hare pursued by a greyhound is not a perfect one as the hare does not "show fight" when overtaken. However, in all the copies we have seen, the words are    and      -    , not         (fox), as has been suggested.

Ev'n so, were we compell'd to wait the foe.
 Forty stout hearts we had that day laid low—
 I count not those who suffer'd in the strife
 Loss of a limb, whom fortune left their life;
 At the first broadside three poor wretches died,
 And sorely wounded, fifteen fell beside.
 That rogue the Captain's boy, too, got a touch,
 He'd stol'n my cap, and now he got as much.

Passage we gain'd in spite of winds and wars,
 Batter'd and weary, and I thank'd my stars
 To reach Portlargo²⁶ once again, as bare
 As any beggar that e'er haunted fair;
 Swearing across the seas no more my course
 Should lie, were I not put on board by force.

And now to Christ let my deep thanks ascend,
 Shelter me, Saviour, and my King, defend;
 Strengthen us, keep us, wipe away the curse,
 Save my poor soul, so ends my humble verse.

²⁵ Most Irish compositions, ancient and modern, of any length, wind up with some kind of pious expression or ejaculation; "sometimes," as Dr. O'Donovan remarks on the poem of Giolla Iosa Mór Mac Firbis, "strangely at variance with the sentiments expressed in the poem."

²⁶ Waterford.

EACHTRA AN SGOILIRE A'SUS NA CAILLIJSHE SONN.

In order that no space be lost, here follows a humorous account by *Donnachadh* of an encounter between one of his pupils, during his wanderings, and a churlish old woman; from whom he at length succeeded in forcing unwilling hospitality. The English reader need not regret the absence of a translation, as the poem is amusing only to such as understand the Gaelic language, and know the habits of those who speak it.

S'èal do h-aiùrtear an rìolair, do èuaid a' t'haètar na tìne;
 A' r an còmhac èuaid caillìje, b' da èur amac 'ran oidee.
 Jan amhur n' fàmhajè, n' pàrta a' r n' l'ionta;
 Do b' an boët-rìolair, a' r n'ion nàin d'ò bejè c'iochac.
 Oin do b'fada uaid a m'acair, nà aonaeac d'ò èapaid;
 A' t'caillìol an b'òcain, a' r a p'òeac d'ò dealb.
 A' t'p'èaèc d'ò Jan d'anaèc, gur an àur bo m'ò 'ran m-baile;
 M'ar a n'aid caillèac 'na còmhuidè, 'r a m'òr-buidèan na h-ajce.
 D'iar an rìolair teine 'r leaba, 'r do labair p'ò d'ò ceannra;
 Do n'èir mar b' d'ò dealb, a' r a n-earba uim an am rin.
 Ir fupair a'èin, an an èailleac, gur r'èinèirèin 'ran tìin èu;
 M'ar d'ò t'èinèir a' t' b'èinèirèir, n'ò a' t' r'èirèirèir èum mo
 D'ar d'ò èapaid an an mac l'èirèin, ir r'èinèirèin 'ran tìin me; [t'èirèir
 A' r adhair le èinèir, gur b' d'ò còmhac na M'ide m'è.
 M'ar d'ò M'ide do g'luairir, buid d'ual duit a bejè d'òitac;
 S'gurr fearda, nà buaid m'è, n' l' buaidèac a' t'at oim.
 A' t'at oim n' l' buaidèac, a' r n' l' buaidèir f'òr aonaeac;
 T'at t'èirèirèir Jan luadar, d'ò èuaidèac na r'èirèirèir.
 Slèirte do èuaidèac, buid d'ual duit a r'èirèirèir;
 'S d'ò n-aon d'ò an g'luairir, n'ain n'ion èualad a bejè f'òzantac.
 D'ar mo leaba, an an rìolair, a èailleac èapranac còmhac;
 Do r'èirèirèir do f'uràn, an f'ion luadarail mo tìin.
 A r'èirèirèir m'ò-g'luairir, èlaon-n'èirèirèir m'èirèirèir;
 N' b' f'èirèirèir d'uit deoc an èupàn, nà d'ul a' t'atèac 'ran oidee
 Do b'òd m'èirèirèir an a n-d'òirèir, d'ò n'èirèir d'ò t'atèac na h-oidee;
 A' r m'èirèirèir an m'èirèir m'èirèirèir, a n-èirèir èapèirèir an b'òd aco.

[ann.

Is dóibh riu nár nár riu, a n-dóimre a beir fá batadhb; [atadhb
 'S a haet renae-cáilleac ad fóitrea, bíod a3 cóimrac a3a n-
 Dar mo mionna da n-beidimre, a3 ríon-reallad na deirce;
 Ní cuirfeim cor an aon talam, reoc talam na h-Einneann.
 Szuir fearda dá 3-cáinnead, a cáilleac 3uana 3an beir rialma
 Ní an fion míre da n-ad é, ní potata ba biad aco.
 Aet coirce azur cóimra, pír pónaíne azur reazal;
 'S zach arbar don t-róit riu, a n-dóitín do bí aco.
 Ní corimul led' fóitrea, do dóitín don biad d'fázal;
 Cread uim an fázhar, an áit riu 'ran m-bliadain ro?
 Is lom iad do 3éaza, 'r is 3uana iad t'fíacla;
 A dhana chum potata, fáz m'áur 'r ná ciap mé.
 A cáilleac fíon-3uana 3an náine, annclarae 3an beir rialma
 An fad mairtheadan mo cháirde, ní potatade ba biad aco.
 Do b'fáirínz é a d-tóit, le h-eóimain a'r le coirce,
 A'r 3o deimín mian do fóitrea, liom fór uíon carad.
 Do chuid coirce 7 eóimain, 3íó móir leat le nár iad;
 Do chuid píre 7 pónaíne, ní fóznard 3an potata.
 Wallacht Dé a'r Whuine oit, Cholur Chille 7 Phadhuil;
 Níl poll dá n-deimre, ná cuirre táirne ann.
 Arzuine Dé a'r Whuine oit, a chnóain bodad 3an beir eola
 Do bí míre realad, 'r do mairfainn arain dod' fóitrea.
 Bí a3 deanain puill oimra, a'r oitrea cuir an táirne;
 Do bearfadra fearadail duit, 'r beir poll azam dá báir oit
 Arzuine an chléir uile oit, 'r neam-3lan iad do bmaetna;
 Dom dóit do bítea realad, 'r do mairfa fíon na Fódla.
 Arzuine a'r amzar oit, lom azur amul;
 'S mó-mair an cloz teampuill, deanfadh do éean 'r do éeanz
 3íó móir do fíubail tu, a3 ionchar mála 'r leabair;
 Acaíre dhoch-máirte, 'r uíon fó3lain tu manners.
 An uair do chua'a an rzoláirne, é dá cháirnead uim na manners
 Do ánduiz a lám uirte, do móir-mála na leabair.
 Do chorain píre an 3arda, 'r uíon b-fuláir riu dá cluaraib;
 'S 3íó 3o m'oeirach é an rzoláirne, is láidín i do buail ré.
 An uair do éonairne an rzoláirne, a mála dá reiracaid;
 'S mairde na caillíge 3uana, a3 dul a n-eachirann na leabair

o?

flama
S acco.

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eabap

1

²⁷ In order to show off his learning, the scholar begins to speak in English, which the old woman does not understand; however, she catches at one or two words which have a distant resemblance in sound to Irish words of a very different meaning, and so mistakes him in a highly comical manner.

CRIoch.

Sun mile meara do'n miala. De chet'le...

Do breōðaiḡ rē mo chyaṃa, a'r d'faiḡ mē aṃ buaṃneam.
 Aṡnhiḡimre aṃ mo chluaraḡk. 'ḡm d'faiḡ mē aṃ buaṃneam.

Do breōðaiḡ rē mo chhama, a'r d'fag mē aṃ buaḡneam.
 Aḡnēḡimre aṃ mo chluaradē. 'nē aḡnēḡimre aṃ mo chluaradē.

3o b-rul an lăţear no nă ch...

So b-fuyl an lēſſean ro nō-chpuajō, mār maſi fuaſarra ſelbjo

B'feapu leir tuirim a 3-cornear3ar, nã eaz d'feazal do'u 3on-
ni rtaonrad rã che3che

Nó gun gaeil ri tach nís dá rctiobad 'r dá rctiabad; [ead.

Nó sup geall rí zach níos dó, acht éiríodh 'na fearain.
Is é táimh man chríoch, de réir na h-Éire.

Եւ չարից մար զիջեօք, զո՛ն չօրմաք զօ ի չարի;
 Զօ իրաւն խնայն առ ի չարի:

Յօ Ե-բապի լօրժին ու Կ-օրժե, 'ր ա իյօր-ծօլին ծօ'ն Եւսէպօ.